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Care Roper & Warren

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THOMAS J. WARREN.

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Miscellaneous.

The Earthquake in Lisbon.

It was early in the morning, Nov. 1, 1755, ninety-eight years and three months ago. Five years previous a severe earthquake-shock had given admittance of its presence and pent-up power in earth's deep caverns. In the four preceding years the drought was excessive. The water springs dried up. The ground moaned for moisture. The prevailing and gentle winds breathed from the North. Frequent subterranean tremors told that earth was in trouble, and shuddered in her pangs. She was gathering up her strength to break her prison doors. The early months of that eventful year were very wet. The summer was very cool. For forty days before the catastrophe the weather was very clear. Early in the morning of the fatal day, a thick fog arose and enveloped the city. But it was soon dissipated by the heat of the advancing sun, and the whole atmosphere had become clear, serene and cloudless. Nature seemed hushed in profound repose awaiting the catastrophe. At thirty-five minutes past nine o'clock A. M. a low rumbling sound was heard resembling that of distant thunder. Gradually it increased till it came loud as the roar of heavy parks of artillery. At that moment earth's subterranean prison doors burst open, and the ground reeled and staggered like a drunken man, under the tremendous concussion. It was the first awful earthquake shock. The tall edifices and buildings of the city rocked from side to side like a ship in a heavy rolling sea. Such was the violence of the oscillations that the upper stories of the buildings immediately gave way, toppling and falling, crushing their occupants to death, and those who were walking in the narrow streets below. Terror and alarm filled every mind.

Earth reeled on her deep foundations. The motion was so great that it was impossible to stand. The terrors of that sudden and dreadful catastrophe were fearfully increased by the deep darkness which succeeded and shut out the light of the day. Many leaped from the windows to escape being hurled beneath the ruins of their falling habitations. Multitudes groped their way and the darkness over the fallen ruins to the open squares, or to the river side, to find safety from the stones and timbers that threatened to fall from the tottering houses in the narrow streets.

The first day of November was the great feast-day of All Saints. The churches of Lisbon were crowded with devotees. Great numbers were crushed and perished beneath the massive walls. Most of the churches in the city were destroyed. Bishops and priests were in their sacerdotal robes and vestments celebrating mass. A few escaped; many were crushed. A mingled multitude, in deep terror, rushed along the streets to the quays by the river side, and falling on their knees, raised to heaven the loud and earnest cry of supplication, exclaiming in agony of spirit, "Mercy, mercy, O Lord, have mercy, misericordia mea Deus!"

In the midst of this fearful desolation a second shock occurred. It was nearly as violent as the first, and greatly increased the work of destruction. Shrieks of agony resounded on every side. The splendid Gothic Church of St. Catherine's already much shattered by the concussion of the first shock, fell to the ground with a tremendous crash, killing vast numbers, who had fled for safety to the height upon which the building stood. We walk among the desolate ruins and fallen fragments which still remain upon this desolate spot. It is on elevated ground, some two hundred feet from the waters of the Tagus. But this second shock produced still more dreadful consequences. Vast multitudes had congregated along the shores and quays of the Tagus as a place of safety. Suddenly the sea retired, leaving the ground at the mouth of the Tagus bare. A sudden the waters returned, and came rolling along in one mountain wave fifty feet high or more, overwhelming in its course the streets and wharves and quays along the banks. In vain the crowds attempted to fly, or escape. The rolling and impending waters rushed too suddenly upon its victims. All were swept away and buried beneath the relentless waves. At the same moment the earth opened, and the new and immense marble quay, the Terreiro Paez, built at vast expense, went down and sank out of sight, with all the congregated multitudes upon it, into one awful and immense grave. We spent hours in examining this memorable and impressive spot. The opening and sinking of the yawning earth was so sudden and large that many boats and small vessels, anchored near the quay, and filled with people who had escaped on board, went down at the same time, into the awful gulf, so deep that no vestiges of the vessels or bodies of the drowned were ever known so have risen to the surface. Other and larger vessels further from the shore were tossed and whirled around torn from their anchors, dashed against each other, and driven to the opposite shore by the heaving of the waters and the violence of the waves.

The captain of a ship anchored further off, who survived the dreadful perils, and who witnessed the phenomena of the scene, stated that the city appeared to him as if waving to and fro, like the waves of the sea, when agitated by a driving wind. Such was the subterranean commotion under water, that the anchor of his ship became visible at the surface. Suddenly the waters of the Tagus rose again three fathoms high, and as suddenly fell. Then

came the third terrific shock. It was a little less violent than the two preceding ones. But it caused the water to rise and fall with the same rapidity and impetuosity as it did before, so that vessels anchored in seven fathoms of water were suddenly stranded. This alternate rise and fall of the waters continued at intervals for a considerable time, and at each occurrence causing fresh damage and loss of life. The terrified inhabitants believed that their final day of doom had come—that their homes, their houses and their city were being swept away from the face of the earth.

At length these terrific shocks of the shuddering earth ceased. But another calamity, but a little less dreadful and destructive, followed in the footsteps of the first. Fires burst forth in many places with such fury that soon the devoted city of Lisbon presented the appearance of one vast conflagration. It was believed that most of the fires were kindled in the churches. It was the All Saints feast day. These vast edifices were gorgeously draped, and the old marble, or carved wooden satins were richly clothed in unwonted splendor, in honor of their names. Innumerable wax candles were lighted, and burning in a magnificent illumination. In the falling churches, the drapery took fire from the waxen candles, and soon enveloped the city in a sheet of flame. It was said that the criminals and convicts, loosed from their dungeons or their chains, increased the fires, for the sake of impunity in their plunder. The amount of property consumed by the fire was not considered less than that destroyed by the earthquakes. Six days and eight nights the city was the prey of the unchecked fire and devouring flames.

The men of future times will careless tread And read my name upon the unsculptured stone: Nor will the sound, familiar to their ears Recall my vanished memory.

These 17,000 dwellings had become the fearful graves and memorable burning mansions of 25,000 of their occupants in six short days. In many it was their funeral pile. What a funeral, and what a funeral pyre for one week—for one city, and the imperial capital of the land! Nor is this all—it was only a part. On the morning of Nov. 1st, Lisbon was an opulent and beautiful city for that age. It was densely populated with inhabitants. In six brief days, it was a pile of fallen, crumbled and fragmentary ruins—a vast smouldering and burning funeral pile of 25,000 bodies of its people. Lisbon had lost in that brief space over 60,000 of its population, in crushed or burned, or buried victims, in earth's deep, unfathomable grave, beneath the waters of the Tagus. But our allotted space is more than filled.—Ed. Corr. N. Y. Evangelist.

JUVENILE SMOKERS.—Who can see a crowd of boys, eight, ten or twelve years old, in our streets, smoking segars, without anticipating such a depreciation of our posterity in health and character as can scarcely be contemplated, even at this distance, without pain and horror!—Dr. Rost.

Boys!—We have a word to say to you, and we say it not in anger, but in love. Will you listen? We tell you, then, that you should not smoke, because smoking is injurious to health. Such is the testimony of medical men, and among them is many of the wisest and the best. Dr. Rush, a good, kind and benevolent, as we have a great man, says, "tobacco, even when used in moderation, may cause dyspepsia, headache, tremors and vertigo." That tobacco, in any form, is a slow poison, working its deleterious effects upon the system, is proved by all experience. But you say you feel quite well, and it has done you no harm. So says the run drinker. He says he drinks because it does him good; and in both cases the poison is so insidious, that its victim is ripe for the grave ere he is aware that the work of death is commenced. But you have seen aged men who have been all their lives addicted to its use. It is true that some have escaped its ravages; but you have seen such persons a polluted mass of animal matter, lethargic, wheezing, coughing and offensive; and because some have escaped with their lives, through all its bad tendencies, will you run the dreadful risk merely because you love it? Remember it is a vitiated and artificial taste, of which man alone is capable. The instinct of brutes ever prompts them to reject the vile and nauseous weed. Reason, was given to man as a guide, and even boys ought to use it. Do you remember with what difficulty you fought the habit—how sick it made you at first; and because you can now smoke without turning pale with nausea and vertigo, do you imagine it has lost its tendency to do you harm? By no means.

But the worst of the case has not been told. There is in each of you boys an immortal spark, kindled by the breath of the Almighty. And this undying spark—this gem of matchless worth, suffers in common with his physical being. The sedative influence represses intellectual energy—it renders its votary indisposed to mental exertion.

Boys!—E-chew the filthy weed. Preserve your purity. Save your money. Husband your time. It is shocking to see a knot of Sunday scholars standing or strutting about, puffing cigars. Let the pitiful, ugly, shameful spectacle never be witnessed among those who have wit enough to keep clear of it.

HOW DOES SHE TROT. A creditor whom he was anxious to avoid, met Sheridan coming out of Pall Mall. There was no possibility of avoiding him, but he did not lose his presence of mind:

"That's a beautiful mare you're on," said Sheridan.
"Do you think so?"
"Yes indeed. How does she trot?"
The creditor, highly flattered, put her into a full trot. Sheridan bolted round the corner, and was out of sight in a moment.

When we are

1. There will be some honest sorrow. A few will be really sad, as we are dressed for the grave. Fewer, probably, than we now suppose. We are vain enough to think our departure will produce considerable sensation. But we over estimate it. Out of a very small circle how soon shall we be forgotten. A single leaf in a boundless forest has fallen! That is all.

The gay will laugh, When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care Plod on, and soon one as before will share His favorite phantom.

2. The world will go on without us. We may have thought a very important wheel in the great machinery will be ungearred when we are gone. But the world goes clattering on as if nothing had happened. If we filled important stations in society, if we have wondered what would, or could be done, if we were removed; yet how soon others would fill our stations! The world can be a bustling, active world, without us. It was so before we entered it. It will be when we are gone.

3. When we are dead, affection may erect a monument. But the hand that sets it up will soon be as powerless as ours, and from the same cause. How soon they that wept over us will follow us! The monument itself will crumble, and its dust will fall on the dust that covers us. If the marble and granite long endure, yet the eyes of affection will not long endure to read the graven letters. Men will give a hasty glance at the name of one they never knew, and pass on, with not a single thought of the slumberer below.

On my mossy grave The men of future times will careless tread And read my name upon the unsculptured stone: Nor will the sound, familiar to their ears Recall my vanished memory.

4. When we are dead, our influence will not be dead also. We leave epitaphs upon indestructible materials. Our manner of life has been writing them. We have stirred up thought and awakened emotion. The wonderful machinery of the mind has felt our presence. We have pressed the stamp of our character into the warm wax of moral sensibilities around us. Footsteps towards immortality have been well guided, or misdirected by us. Our places of business, or social resort, may know us no more; but living accountable beings feel the influence that survives our personal departure.

5. When we are dead the Kingdom of God will not die. It did not depend on us for existence. And onward will it go when we have ceased to live. Happy, indeed, if it had been the honor and joy of our labors to have promoted it. Blessed is it to be remembered as having loved Zion, as taking pleasure in her stones, and favoring the dust thereof.

Sacred, consoling thought! The Kingdom of Christ moves on, when we drop all of our earthly relations to it. Other servants of God will rise to fill our places. A brighter star may rise for one that is fallen. Stronger hands than ours may come into the ranks.

6. When we are dead some will think of us. Perhaps not a large circle. And what will they think? Our present course of life is for nothing then with themes of thought. Coldness and indifference to the Kingdom of God—of that will our survivors think, if it marked our characters. And in sadness will those that truly loved us ponder it. And thoughts, how many, and how comforting, will rise, and the pangs of real sorrow over our departure, if we had done forth the praises of Him who called us to glory and virtue. Into which of these channels are we likely to turn the thoughts of men?—Paritan Recorder.

A WORD TO BOYS.—Who is respected? It is the boy who conducts himself well; who is honest, diligent and obedient in all things. It is the boy who is making an effort continually to respect his father, and to obey him in whatever he may direct to be done. It is the boy who is kind to other little boys, who respects age, and who never gets into difficulties and quarrels with his companions. It is the boy who leaves no effort untried to improve himself in knowledge and wisdom every day; who is busy and active in endeavoring to do good acts towards others. Show me a boy who obeys his parents, who is diligent, who has respect for age, who always has a friendly disposition, and who applies himself diligently to get wisdom, and to do good towards others, and if he is not respected and beloved by every one, then there is no such thing as truth in the world. Remember this, little boys, and you will be respected by others, and you will grow up and become useful men.

THE CHARM OF LIFE.—There are a thousand things in this world to afflict and sadden—but oh! how many that are beautiful and good! The world teems with beauty—with objects that gladden the eye and warm the heart. We might be happy if we would. There are ills which we cannot escape—the approach of disease and death, of misfortunes, sundering of earthly ties, and the canker worm of grief; but a vast majority of the evils that beset us might be avoided. The cause of intemperance, interwoven as it is with the ligaments of society, is one which never strikes but to destroy. There is not one bright page upon record of its progress—nothing to shield it from the heartiest execrations of the human race. It should not exist—it must not. Do away with all this; let wars come to an end, and let friendship, charity, love, purity, and kindness, mark the intercourse between man and man. We are too selfish, as if the world was made for us alone. How much happier should we be were we to labor more earnestly to promote each other's good. God has blessed us with a home which is not all dark. There is sunshine every where—in the sky, upon the earth—there would be in most hearts if we would look around us. The storms die away, and the bright sun shines out. Summer drops her tinted curtain upon the earth, which is very beautiful, even when autumn breathes her changing breath upon it. God reigns in heaven. Murmur not at a creation so beautiful, and who can live happier than we?

Wrongs may try a good man, but cannot imprint on him a false stamp.

From the Charleston Standard.

Decidedly Rich.
The annexed article, which we copy from the editorial department of the *New York Tribune*, is decidedly the richest article we have seen for some time in any of our exchanges. As straws are said to denote the course of the wind, so too may Greely be regarded as a pretty fair barometer of Northern feeling and sentiment.

We are somewhat inclined to believe that Horace is laboring under mental infirmity, otherwise we must express our astonishment at finding such balderdash in the columns of the *Tribune*.

Our only object in copying the article, is that there may be a fair understanding of the relative positions of the North and South on the *Compromise* question.

THE RASCALS AT WASHINGTON.—If the traitorous scoundrels at Washington, who, in a spirit no worthier than that which animated Judas Iscariot, are plotting the surrender to slavery of the free territory west of the Mississippi, believed that a majority of the North would sustain the movement, they would instantly cease their clamor, and skulk back, and would should hear no more about it.

But they have adopted the belief that the passage of the compromise measures of 1850, and the triumphant election of Frank Pierce, have taken all the spirit out of the North and that the mass of the voters are now ready to win any party iniquity, and sustain any party measure, whatever its enormity.

We are not sure it is worth while to attempt to remove this impression. These deliberate violators of solemn compacts, these vagabond regulators of obligations the most sacred, deserve to be roasted by the fires of the hottest public indignation. They ought to have the full benefit of the verdict of an aroused and indignant constituency, and be hung upon the gallows of public approbrium. Yet in mercy to the cultists, who are thus provoking the increased judgment of an outraged community, we will briefly state what opposition may be expected in the Free States to the infamous proposal to repeal the Missouri Compromise, and thus expose the rotten foundations of their hopes.

There has been no time during the last seven years when the whig and free soil parties have not been in a clear majority in nearly all the Northern States. The only ground upon which any doubt can be thrown on this presumption is the result of the last Presidential election. But the vote of the Free Soil party in that contest was only partial, being but the ineffectual remonstrance (and so felt to be) of the more earnest of the Free soilers against the settlement of the compromise measures. And the vote of the whigs at the North was notoriously the vote only of a party divided against itself. It was a contest utterly balked by cross purposes. The Presidential elections 1848 and the elections of 1850, furnish the only grounds of any just judgment as to the real strength of the anti-slavery sentiment in the country; and these elections justify the statement that in every Free State, that sentiment, whenever it could be fairly reached, has shown itself to be predominant.

Assuming this to be so, the only question, to be answered is, whether that sentiment can be aroused and consolidated, and brought to bear in solid phalanx against the atrocious proposition in question. The fools in Washington believe it can. And we believe further that this is by no means the strength of the North that will be brought into the field against this infamous project. We shall have the whole conservative force of the Free States of all the men who do not believe in violating contracts nor in repudiating solemn engagements, on the side of the earnest opposition. The moral stamina of the Free States will set against the measure. Fair dealing and honest purposes will everywhere frown upon such faithfulness and fraud. Sober minded men who have learned to the side of the South in the late contests, on the ground that the Abolitionists were the aggressors, will turn and resist this movement as a gross outrage and aggression on the part of the South.

Our faith in the intelligence and sense of justice among the people is such that on the momentous question of a Repeal of the Missouri Compromise, we believe the Free States will rise as one man and crush the repudiated and traitorous dough faces who dare to counsel it. We do not believe it to be a question of majorities among the people. We believe the proposition will be put down by acclamation.

The northwest angle of the Black Sea, between the mouths of the Dnieper and Dniester, is the coldest and most exposed part of it, and Cherson, Nicolaieff, Odessa and Orskow, are probably unapproachable by water. Sebastopol is scarcely more accessible to winter operations, and the best naval authorities express doubts of the possibility of maintaining any close blockade of the coast of the Crimea at Cherson at this time of year. We state these facts, not from any doubt or misgiving as to the service which the fleets are ready to perform, but to guard against the danger of overrating the natural obstacles they may have to encounter.

The climate of Russia is, by sea as well as by land, one of the chief defenses of that Empire during a considerable portion of the year, and we cannot defeat the order of nature—say, if anything could give the Russian navy a chance of resisting the two greatest maritime powers in the world, it would be that they could have wasted their forces in buffeting the winter and the elements, while their real antagonists lie under shelter of his forts, refitting their vessels for next spring. The states of the weather at Constantinople must decide the moment at which the fleets can begin to act.

From the London Times.

The Allied Fleets—How they are to Act.
The strength of the combined English and French fleets, now in the Bosphorus, amounts to 44 sail, including line-of-battle ships, frigates and steamers. Of these, the French and English have each three three-deckers; we have seven two-deckers (including the Agamemnon) to five French two-deckers, the French 90 gun screw-ship *Napoleon*, having unfortunately, been sent back to Toulon for repairs. Each flag has, or will soon have, 11 paddle-wheel steamers. The *Sanspareil* (English) and the *Charlemagne*, (French) two-deckers have auxiliary steam power. In addition to this powerful fleet, there are in the Bosphorus at least seven Turkish and Egyptian line-of-battle ships, besides frigates and steamers, so that the combined force may be taken at about 60 sail.

From the large amount of steam power, the weight of guns, the size of these ships in proportion to their rating, and the perfection to which naval gunnery has now been carried, both in the English and French navies, this is, beyond doubt, the finest naval armament ever sent to sea, though it might, if necessary, be powerfully augmented by the first class steamships and frigates which form Admiral Corry's squadron, now at Lisbon. Those vessels are, however, probably reserved as the nucleus of the North Sea fleet in the spring. The best understanding prevails between the English and French officers, and the signal books of the two squadrons have been exchanged, with an arrangement that, in sailing order the French squadron will form the weather, and the English the port line.

Such is the state of the naval preparations of the two powers at the moment when the instructions to enter the Black Sea, which were despatched at last on the 19th inst., arrived at Constantinople; and we entertain no doubt that these instructions will be executed with the utmost alacrity and efficiency that circumstances permit. But, whatever may be the policy of the Cabinets of London and Paris, and the desire of the ambasadors to give effect to thavaul authorities to do it must rest with these can be taken at this season with what measure fleets and their command.

By, but a climate of extreme rigor in the winter season of the year—a sea darkened by fogs, swept by sudden and violent storms, and little known to our sailors—a coast notorious in all ages as the *nocturna navium*, the most inhospitable of shores. It would evidently be the height of folly and impolicy to expose the fleets to great risk from weather, unless the Admirals have a definite object and plan of operations in view, which they conceive to be within their power. The public in this country knows as yet very little of the difficulties which it is their duty to consider and to overcome. It is not improbable that the northern shores and parts of the Euxine are blocked up with ice, in severe seasons the Gulf of Odessa has been frozen over for two months at a time, and the navigation of that port is interrupted on an average of 39 days in the year, especially in the month of January.

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THE VENERABLE BISHOP SOULE.—Bishop Soule, (says the N. O. *Christian Advocate*, of the 14th,) left this port for California, Saturday morning last, on the steamship *Pampero*. The Bishop takes the Nicaragua route. The proprietors of this excellent travelling line presented him with a free passage through. The day before sailing he ordained, in the parsonage of Carondelet Street Church, Revs. J. A. Ivey and H. A. Moore, travelling Elders.

The Bishop is in good health. Rev. F. E. Pitts accompanies him. After holding the Pacific Conference he expects to be back and attend the whole or part of the session of the General Conference, at Columbus Ga.

The Black Sea has of late been so tempestuous that we observe by the last accounts a Russian cruiser has literally been driven into the Bosphorus for shelter, and until we learn that the season has become somewhat more propitious to maritime operations, we shall hesitate to believe that they have actually begun.

MISSOURI COMPROMISE.—The following extract from Calhoun's speech on the Oregon bill, delivered in the Senate June 27th, 1848, may be read with interest, as bearing upon a subject now much mooted—the Missouri Compromise.

"After an arduous struggle of more than a year, on the question whether Missouri should come into the Union with or without restrictions prohibiting slavery, a compromise line was adopted between the North and the South; but it was done under circumstances which made it nowise obligatory on the latter. It is true it was moved by one of her distinguished citizens, Mr. Clay; but it is equally so that it was carried by the almost united vote of the North against the almost united vote of the South, and thus imposed on the latter by superior numbers in opposition to her strenuous efforts. The South has never given her sanction to it, or assented to the power it asserted. She was voted down, and simply acquiesced in an arrangement which she has not been able to reverse, and which she could not attempt to do without disturbing the peace and harmony of the Union—to which she has ever been adverse. Acting on this principle, she permitted the Territory of Iowa to be formed, and the State to be admitted into the Union under the Compromise, without objection; and this is now quoted by the Senator from New York to prove her surrender of the power he claims for Congress."

A free negro, named Charles Lenox Remond of Salem, Mass. lately delivered a lecture in New York, on the claims of the race, which must have puzzled the abolitionists, who were his listeners. He characterized the negroes at the North as "disfranchised Americans." He stated that, according to the opinion of writers on Catholic emancipation in Ireland, it was held that disfranchised citizens were slaves. Applying this principle, he said that there are five instead of three millions of slaves in the United States.

He repudiated the doctrine of the abolitionists, which favored emancipation at the South, and kept the emancipated in social and political bondage at the North. He insisted on the right of the colored race at the North to social rank and political privileges—to hold office and to be received in Northern households, as guests and as suitors of the daughters of those who have proclaimed the equality of the races. It would have been amusing to have remarked the effect on the abolitionists who listened to Remond, at the skill with which he exposed their inconsistency, and the ingenuity with which he carried out their own principles.

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SPIRIT RAPPING.—If you are a skeptic and a Materialist as regards the immortality of man go right after night—day after day onto the rappers, until you become convinced of your fatal error and rendered happy by its explosion as Robert Owen and others have been; but if you have the faith and confidence of a Christian glowing on the Altar of your heart, and the Father to know more of the mysteries of the Gospel, go to your closet and read prayerfully, and you will gain more light from that source than by watching brown leg tables a life time and listening to the mock responses of rapping impositions for the distance of a century.—*Spirit of the Age*.

FIRST USE OF GAS.—In the year 1792, Mr. Murdoch made use of gas in lighting his house and office at Redruth, in Cornwall, England, where he then resided. The mines at which he worked being distant some miles from his house, he was in the constant practice of filling a bladder with coal gas, in the neck of which he fixed a metallic tube, with a small orifice, through which the gas issued; this being ignited, served as a lantern to light his way for the considerable distance he had nightly to travel. This mode of illumination being generally unknown, it was thought by the common people that magical art alone could produce such an effect, and the discoverer actually run some risk of personal inconvenience from the prejudice of his narrow-minded neighbors.

FRAUDS IN WOOLEN CLOTH.—A correspondent of the Genesee Farmer says that an immense quantity of the cast off rags of paupers are annually imported into our country, to be worked up into woollen cloth to sell to American people. These rags were formerly used only for manure. Now they are imported at a cost of seven cents per pound for "all wool," and four cents per pound for "half wool and half cotton." All the low priced "woolens" are made of imported rags of this description, and imported wool that costs little more than the rags. This cloth may be easily detected by placing one's hand on it—it feels as rough as a horse card. The frauds which the manufacturers thus commit upon the unsuspecting laboring men, throw the sheep speculation quite into the shade.

Be not proud if that chance to come athwart thy sunny side, which meets with the blind side of another.